



TLS

50096

UNIVERSITY OF JORDAN
LIBRARY

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 30 JANUARY 1981 • No 3,061 • 40p



A watercolour of Gustave Flaubert in evening dress and wearing the Légion d'honneur, by Eugène Delacroix. It was painted in 1840, the year in which Flaubert was elected to the Académie Française. The picture is one of a number of portraits by Girard of people who attended the 'soirées du Louvre' held in the rooms of the comte de Nieuwerkerke, at that time 'surintendant des Beaux Arts'. It figures as the frontispiece to the catalogue of the exhibition marking the centenary of Flaubert's death; the exhibition is reviewed on page 111.

The compulsions of Christopher Smart

The road to 1914;
The Portuguese in Angola

Flaubert—the letters of an *homme-plume*

Gobbledygook & glottotherapy:
rediscovering Ivan Bunin

Women and philanthropy

Turner and Walter Scott;
Australian poetry;
Eric Korn's remainders

Commentary: Francis Chantrey,

'Man and Superman',

'Atlantic City',

Tristan at the Met,

Controversy at Cambridge

Fiction: Peter de Vries
and 'Consenting Adults',
Carlos Fuentes,
William Boyd

مكتبة من الأصل

t has something like that though he has none of questioning rebelliousness. difficulty is of the eclectic

1945

A place for gr

Letter to a Younger Son required courage from its author, and it calls for courage in its reader, particularly at the outset: a raw account of the boy's death (from an

He must accept that what I have said is preposterous; to give meaning to a death, the author must have a younger son. "Nothing is to be achieved." The resulting nihilism and reflections, questioning, and doubt, has its own rhythm, though not, as you say, the flow of thought and feeling. It is broken as grief and anger rise and ebb again, in truth to the sea. We are serious-minded men, you noticed; commonly we are not, at the smaller age. The man who is serious about his feelings is the indication of seeming naïveté, for he has to go back to the beginning, to look afresh at

Other Smart. The Oxford University edition is perhaps a trifle disingenuously claiming in their dust-jacket that "several of the poems seems have not been reprinted since the eighteenth century"—the only poems omitted from the 1949 Library edition are the two satiric ones on the use of the word "satire" in the titles of the libretti, very likely affairs, for the two operas *Hannah and Abimelech*—but it is certainly true that a complete edition, even of the poems, is long overdue. Kenneth Williamson has done *Jubilate Agno* well be worth having. In her introduction she records that the edition was proposed to her by Dame Kathleen Gardner, that doyenne of the publishing world, and that she "wrote a few lines of difficult, but, in one of the most of the smart observes that "the pleasantest of a cat at pranks is in the language of a thousand times over." The edition extends over 900 pages, and its attitude to the poems is sensible: those pranks to follow out the burlesquing on far-fetched theories about the meaning of the work as

could, in the process of maintaining his intricate balance of power, switch his policy to suit his immediate needs—picking a quarrel with her over colonial questions in 1884 both in order to attract support at home and to try to convince France that she had common interests with Germany in the colonial sphere, or in 1887, talking of a possible alliance with England when he needed to reconstruct the shattered system after the Bulgarian crisis of 1885-86. Down to 1887, when the two countries made an agreement to exchange Heligoland

Nevertheless, the economic relations between England and Germany were so complex that for each group that felt itself threatened there was another group whose prosper-

The fact that Germany's economy was growing stronger while that of Britain was already in some sectors showing the fatal weaknesses the consequences of which are all too familiar, had to be felt by Germany necessarily have led to war. Shifts in economic relationships, as the experiences of Europe since the first world war have shown, are painful do not inevitably lead to armed conflict. What made the Anglo-German antagonism culminate into the debacle of 1914 were those factors which drove Germany to support from the growing popular mutual hostility which politicians and publicists had done much to propagate. The German people had to build a large navy and embark on a never clearly defined Weltpolitik was the result of several factors—the Kaiser's vanity, the fleet would be a national obsession, and a general belief that the ship would

economic and social factors which led to the new nationalism which was possible. He provides an admirable synthesis of the current historiographical debate about the influence of domestic factors on foreign policy and the role of Germany in both England and Germany. He also tells us that the groups common among most historians, especially in Germany, where the discussion of these questions has a much more polemical character, are wrong in assuming that everything can be explained in terms of a single cause or at least a single analytical model. Obviously this localist intention of this so intensely temperate history is carried too far and obscures important differences between the two countries. It is hardly makes clear the fact that there was in Germany in this per-

Again, in his comparison of political parties in England and Germany, Kennedy does not go as far as he might, sufficiently to the profound differences in the two constitutional systems, which meant that the British parties could overthrow governments and be called on to provide their successors, whereas the German parties could neither get rid of governments nor produce alternative ones, so that their actual role and their attitude to politics was bound to be very different from those of their

Perhaps Kennedy thought this was so obvious as not to be worth stressing. But it is, and it is especially true in the case of a book primarily to readers who are already familiar with the subject and who will have no difficulty in understanding without further explanation. The book is full of examples, Billore's "biting on granite" speech or the *Daily Telegraph* article. However, such a reader will find much to be learned from the book. The author has used his remarkable knowledge of a very large number of public and private archives not only to confirm things which are already believed to be true for a long time but also to add to our detailed knowledge and, more important, to our understanding of a topic which is still a subject of controversy. The book is a key to much that has happened subsequently in our disastrous century.

In telling their story, under title drawn from the immortal song first performed in 1913 by Florio

Duplicate the portraits of people in the rich detail of sentimental and the effective descriptions of a third, and fatigue on the return from Moss, some vivid episodes the casual skirmishes of full-scale battles, the overall result is really unsatisfactory. For one thing there is too little analysis or argument to give point to the narrative which needs more variety of style and content, just as a former hero's death to be imposed upon raw material. For another, the switches from the present to the past are made from high to low level and, again, are often rather abrupt, on occasion confusing. Certainly Cawley has taken great pleasure

The illustrations concentrate on the generals at the expense of the real subject of this book, and many of them are very familiar, though creature-house of little-known photographs. The maps are poor with one exception, that of the Marne, which omits many of the places referred to in Miss Caffery's lively account of the battle.

Antagonism in Angola

By Roland Oliver

RENE PELISSIER:
Les guerres civiles
Résistance et révoltes en Angola
(1945-1941), 630pp.
La colonie du Minotaure
Nationalismes et révoltes en Angola
(1926-1961), 728pp.
280 fr the set.

La naufrage des caravelles
Etudes sur la fin de l'Empire portugais
(1961-1975), 300pp. 80 fr.
Explorations
Voyages en Angola et autres lieux incertains, 250pp. 80fr.
Africana
Bibliographies sur l'Afrique lusophone
(1800-1980), 208pp.
100 fr.
Montaigis, 78630 Orgeval, France:
Editions Pélissier

The historical myth most sedulously and successfully propagated by the Salazar government was that Portugal had been ruling its African colonies for five hundred years: the implication was that it would still be doing so long after the other African empires had foundered. It was thus the direct equivalent of the South African myth which still teaches that the country was colonized by Europeans before the arrival of the Bantu. Each myth has a small kernel of truth—the South African one if it is applied to the immediate vicinity of the Cape peninsula; the Portuguese one if a small set of disconnected trading forts and slaving bases can be called colonies. In any wider sense of the term, Portuguese colonialism began and ended at approximately the same time as that of other colonial powers. That is to say, there was a little consolidation of coastal bases during the mid-nineteenth century; then, a paper partition of interior regions during the 1880s and 1890s, made effective on the ground only during the first

two decades of the twentieth century. As in the rest of Africa, the authority was sharply challenged during the 1960s. The main divergence from the common pattern was the rule secured by all-out military repression. And the effort ended by bringing down the metropolitan government as well as those of the colonies.

The history of Portuguese Africa during the past century and a quarter is thus fully comparable with that of the rest of the continent. It is only the dearth of good literature that has relegated the Lusophone countries to a back room. Portuguese colonial historiography has so far tended to be of the old-fashioned nationalistic type. Anglophone historians like Boxer, Ashton, Duffy, Birmingham, Miller and Newitt have rather concentrated on the pre-modern period. And for some reason Angola has attracted less attention than Mozambique. René Pélissier's monumental and pioneering work. Of the five volumes noticed here (published between 1975 and 1980), the first two at least should find a place in every serious African historical collection. The essential concern of both volumes is with African resistance to colonial rule. In fact, it was obvious to the author's hope, at the start of his ten years of research, to study the relationship between "primary" or ethnic resistance to the imposition of colonial rule and the "secondary" or proto-nationalist resistance which finally overthrew it. At the end of the day the question, as he admits, had to be left unanswered for lack of evidence, especially the detailed archival evidence of district administration for the period of apparent political quietness between about 1925 and about 1950. As a result, we are left with two rather separate studies. *Les guerres grises* (1975) is about what colonial history used to describe as "pacification". *La colonie du Minotaure* (1981) is about the origins and the events of the great rebellion of 1961.

Pélissier makes the rather startling calculation that in Angola

military operations of some kind were in progress for 20 per cent of the period from 1848 to 1878, for 44 per cent of the period from 1879 to 1926, and for 83 per cent of the period from 1902 (il) 1920. Even remembering that most expeditions were small affairs, involving a platoon or a company, first in one district then in another, in a country the size of western Europe, these figures would seem to imply an unusual amount of primary resistance and consequent repression. So far as I know, no comparable calculation has been made for any other African colony. It could be that the French, if all their West African territories were taken together, might prove to have had a similar record. As for casualties, it could be that the British killed more Sudanese (20,000) at the single battle of Omdurman than were killed by the Portuguese in forty years of campaigning in Angola. Or that more people died following the repression of the Maj-maj rising of 1905-06. Certainly the armed forces in Angola, standing at three to four thousand, were a population of as many as to be found among the African peoples of other colonial governments. Nevertheless, the tale of violence would tend to have been more continuous and to have lasted longer than elsewhere.

In Pélissier's view, if the Africans of Angola fought more often than other Africans, it was because the Portuguese behaved more provocatively than other colonialists. Showing less technical superiority and less determination. Military officers and civilian officials were less educated and much worse paid than their opposite numbers in other colonies. Complications of every kind were whether in Lisbon or Luanda, over their agents and to reinforce them when they got into trouble. The private colonists of Angola from the poorest part of Portugal, and those of them who penetrated to the interior were typically small

traders dealing in arms and alcohol, wild rubber and ivory, while the most sinister among them, the labour recruiters, were little better than slave-traders. All these factors increased the risks of violence and repression. The serious revolt of the Bakongo people in the north of the country in 1913-14 was the result of cocoa-planters from São Tomé bribing district officials to recruit contract labourers by bringing pressure on the Kongo king. In the southern province adjoining German South-West Africa, the Ovambo and Nyaneka simply never reached the stage of acknowledging Portuguese authority until 1919, despite forty-five military campaigns sent against them since 1881. Although the Africans suffered heavy casualties, and saw their settlements burnt and their stock carried off, there were enough Portuguese reverses to keep alive the hope of successful resistance against them.

On present evidence, however, Pélissier has to recognize a hiatus in resistance activity covering the whole period between the end of the First World War and that of the Second. Even then, the only identifiable proto-nationalists were students of Lisbon, almost all of them mestizos from Luanda and the other white towns of the coast. The young Apostolista Neto was arrested for left-wing politics in 1922, but the MPLA, which was founded until 1956, and still in Lisbon. Though cells were soon planted in Luanda, it was not until the events of 1961 that the MPLA spread into the rural areas as the party of the Mbandaka-speaking people and the heir to whatever imperious may have survived from the period of primary resistance. Meanwhile, among the Kongo-speakers who straddled the frontier with the Belgian Congo, there had arisen a movement with somewhat more convincing claims to continuity. The main leader, Holden Roberto, was a grandson of the initiator of the Kongo revolt of 1914. The UPA party was founded in Leopoldville in 1956 by Bakongo migrants from northern Angola, in flight from the labour requirements of the Portu-

guese coffee-planters who had moved in during the boom years of the early 1950s. Together with Patrice Lumumba, who was in Accra for the first Conference of African Peoples in 1958. The Bakongo were at the heart of the Leopoldville riots of 1959, which exodus of 1960. Nine months later, on the Ides of March 1961, the UPA unleashed a campaign of terror against the white coffee-planters. It gave rise to a full-scale war, in which the Portuguese deployed some 40,000 troops and engaged in all the horrors of napalm bombing and air strafing of villages as well as combatants. Panic spread to the capital and thence to other parts of Angola. Although the Portuguese were to six months, a long liberation struggle had started. It is at this point that Pélissier breaks off his narrative.

On the whole it must be said that resistance makes an unsatisfactory central theme for a major study of the colonial period in an African country. Colonialism may have been a very temporary phenomenon in Africa, but while it lasted, it had many more facets than the military one, which indeed disappeared altogether from sight during the high noon of the colonial period. To concentrate on resistance is to examine the disease rather than the patient. Nevertheless, Pélissier has rendered great service as a pathfinder in the history, and he has added to it with the three lesser volumes on the MPLA (1975) is an annotated bibliography of value to the serious student. Dr Pélissier has the further distinction of being his own publisher, and of having produced five volumes of elegant design and almost faultless typography.

the very least, pursue a democratic style of living if they are to maintain a democratic type of government.

Gabriel Baer's pioneering work has prompted a wider study of the social history of Egypt, and Stefan Rosenthal's essay in this volume, on the foundation of municipalities in Alexandria and Istanbul, is basically a critique of Professor Baer's assumptions. Rosenthal argues that it was Ottoman commitment to urban reform after 1850 and not led to such foundations. In a rare study of German-Italian relations in the early 1890s, as these were affected by their respective policies in Istanbul and Cairo, Gordon Merril uses the Kaulla affair over the railway to explain the British dilemma over Egypt at that time and the confrontation between Cromer and the young Khedive Abbas II.

The present collection reflects the range of scholarly work which *Middle Eastern Studies*, a journal founded in 1964, can attract. It fills an important gap between those periodicals devoted to the ancient Near East and to classical and medieval Islam, and those others which are wholly taken up with contemporary issues and events.

A recent addition to the African Studies series is Gwyn Prins's *The Hidden Hippopotamus* (335pp, Cambridge University Press, £20.00, 521.22915). Dr Prins has reconstructed the history of the Zaire basin during which the Zaire first emerged as a white expansion from the south. The book is a discreet manifesto as well as a monograph, for its structure, view and substance defend the policy of the African society must be studied together. The study shows that "in their own eyes [the Zaire] won all the important battles of the encounter with the first Europeans".

In the backstreets of Giza

By P. J. Vatikiotis

UNNI WIKAN:
Life Among the Poor in Cairo
Translated by Ann Henning
273pp. Tavistock, £9.50. (Paperback, 24.95).
0 422 76970 3
ELITE KEDOURIE and SYLVIA G. HAIM (Editors):
Modern Egypt
Studies in Politics and Society
137pp. Cass, £13.50.
0 7146 3168 X

Egyptians talk popularly of "Cairo, mother of the world": equally apt today would be "Cairo, mother of the poor". Thousands of people there live on the streets or in the macabre squalor of the tenements, the result of an influx of close on a million refugees from the Canal zone after the Six Day War in 1967. The squalor, the housing, the meagre social services and of a general, almost an endemic, economic crisis.

Writes on Egypt in the past 200 years have never failed to remark on poverty in this Nile Valley. For most visitors to the country, whose experience of Cairo is confined to the modern quarters of the city built after 1860 and, until 1956, largely maintained by foreign residents, the poorer neighbourhoods are only a few landmarks seen from the comfortable inside of a car on the way to Fatimid and Mamlik Cairo, places of historical interest. Rural

poverty, on the other hand, again seen fleetingly from a speeding train to Alexandria or south to Upper Egypt, Luxor and Aswan, is mitigated by the lush green surroundings of the cultivated fields. The visitor rarely spends any time in a village of huddled mud-huts. In Cairo, however, urban poverty is in sharp contrast to the European facade of the centre, with its shining new hotels, police and apartment blocks and wide avenues. Overpopulation, human propinquity and noise prevent the outside observer from getting too close a look at this poverty.

Unni Wikan, a Norwegian anthropologist, has written a monograph based on her study of seven families in an active district in Giza. Her chosen families are a microcosm of what is a problem, seeing that two thirds of Cairo's population (of four to six million) are poor. (The Norwegian original was first published in 1976). Wikan starts with an interesting disclaimer: "My book contains a harsh description of the living conditions and the environment of the poor in Cairo, but it should not be seen as a criticism of the Egyptian authorities, who cannot be blamed for the country's lack of resources" and "its development problems". She concludes it, angrily, by saying: "Large-scale assistance to the poor is necessary if the several millions of poor people in Cairo are to experience a real improvement in their conditions. Any counter-suggestions are based on unproved postulates, and serve as an excuse for the authorities."

Her description of overcrowded living conditions, deprivation and misery is understated. What is significant is her analysis of the society of the poor, as seen in the relations between husbands and wives, parents and children, relatives, and outsiders. The material and social constraints of life in the backstreets eliminate all opportunities for self-fulfilment. "Deprivation strips their whole life". In these circumstances, material and social relations are characterized by con-

flict, resentment, suspicion, mistrust and jealousy, which prevent the growth of any sense of community or corporate action. It renders all human relations a conspiracy of intrigue and gossip, in an environment where "no one wishes anybody else well". Self-realization material goods is a desperate quest for social recognition. All relations are threatening and precarious. These conditions are no privacy. People's lives are enacted in public.

Backstreet neighbourhoods like these house communities, not transient populations. Despite the efforts of some to break out of them, very few are not isolated from the city for they depend on the city for institutions, services, jobs, etc. More interesting is the fact that their perceptions, values and attitudes do not differ from those of the rest of the population. Gossip, resentment, conspiracy and culture in general; they are merely intensified in a poor environment.

The political implications of these characteristics are devastating for any public consensus or mobilizing public endeavour. (To some extent, this is true for other search for scapegoats in failure is translated from the level of society to the highest: the rejection which the poor have of the state or government renders policies to deal with poverty or overpopulation ineffective. They see the public authority as being open to bribes, despotic and uncooperative, this hardly encourages ordinary administration.

Wikan rejects the notions of there being a "culture of poverty" put forward by others, notably Oscar Lewis. For the fundamental conditions of poverty are not created by the poor themselves but by political and social circumstances. After

all, the poor try desperately to escape their deprivation by saving, investing in education or even emigrating. However, their perception of their own society and of the state precludes any political activism on their part to deal with the situation. Mistrust is pervasive.

Modern Egypt reprints a collection of articles which first appeared in a special issue of the journal *Middle Eastern Studies*, and covers history, literature, foreign policy, religion, education, and social change. Their authors, Alain Silvestre and European dignitaries, place on the Egyptian educational mission to France in 1826 gives us a critical evaluation of the problems faced by its members, a cogent discussion of Muhammad Ali's motives and the mission's impact on the future modernization of the Egyptian state. Mahmoud Fakhri's essay on education and the state, integration, on the other hand, is more on modern American assumptions in political science than on any inclusive understanding of the problems in Egypt. There is no indication that the author has understood the Egyptian's own understanding of the reasons for education, or the reasons for the persistently high rate of illiteracy in a country despite the expansion of clerical in foreign languages after 1952 is not even hinted at.

William Shepherd's piece on Amin highlights a concern common to most Egyptian intellectuals of the interwar period, namely, the reconciliation of the democratic ideal with the need for a strong leadership. Tawfiq Hekim was the most prolific writer on this matter. Whether Amin's argument, as that of a liberal, is arguable; an equally good case can be made for his having been a "conservative" rationalist. His paternalistic conception of politics, on the other hand, has stemmed perhaps from his own experience. The point about Egyptian democracy is that it is not a tradition of political institutions in general. People must, at

HISTORY, CULTURE & ARCHAEOLOGY

AGRAWAL & CHAKRABARTI
Essays in Indian Proto-History—Delhi: B K Puh Corp., 1979; 400 Pp; Rs 200

ALLCHIN, F R & CHAKRABARTI, D K
A Source Book of Indian Archaeology—New Delhi: Munshiram Manoharlal, 1979; 366 Pp; Rs 100

ASIATIC RESEARCHES—Comprising History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences, Ethnology and Literature of Asia—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 1980; 24 vols (1100 Pp); Rs 190 each

ATKINSON, E T
The Himalayan Gazetteer: Historical, Ethnological, Geographical and Scientific—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications; 3 vols; Rs 100 each

BANERJEE, A C
The Agrarian System of Bengal—Calcutta: K P Bagchi, 1980; Vol. I: 1582-1793 (357 Pp) Rs 85; Vol. II: Forthcoming.

BASU
Rise and Fall of Christian Power in India—Allahabad: Chugh Publications, 1980; 2 vols; Rs 300 set

BATES, C E
A Gazetteer of Kashmir, Kishtwar, Badrawah, Jammu, Naoshera, Poonch and the Valley of Kishtwar—New Delhi: Light & Life Pub., 1980; 569 Pp; maps; Rs 150

BHANDARKAR, RAMAKRISHNA GOPAL
Early History of the Dakkan: Down to the Mohammedan Conquest—New Delhi: Asian Educational Services, 1979; 143 Pp; tables; Rs 60

BHATTACHARYA, D K
Old Stone Age Tools—Calcutta: K P Bagchi, 1979; 76 Pp; plates; illus.; Rs 40

BROADLEY, A M
Buddhist Remains of Bihar—Varanasi: Bharati Prakashan, 1979; 104 Pp; plates; Rs 100

BUCH, M A
Economic Life in Ancient India—Allahabad: R S Publishing House, 1979; 2 vols (800 Pp); Rs 200 set

BUHLER, PROF GEORGE
Indian Paleography—New Delhi: Munshiram Manoharlal, 1980; 208 Pp; Rs 75

CHAKRABARTY, U N
Anglo-Maratha Relations and Malcolm 1798-1830—New Delhi: Associated Book House, 1979; 207 Pp; Rs 50

CHARAK, DR SUKHDEV SINGH
Encyclopedia of Indian History and Culture—New Delhi: Himachal Pradesh Pt. 2; Rs 150; Vol. 3: Himachal Pradesh Pt. 3; Rs 150; Vol. 4: Jammu Pt. 1; Rs 150; Vol. 5: Jammu Pt. 2; Rs 150; Vol. 6: Jammu Pt. 3; Forthcoming; Vol. 7 to 18; Forthcoming

CHAKRAK, S S
History and Culture of Himalayan States Series—New Delhi: Light & Life Pub., 1979; Vol. 1: Himachal Pradesh Pt. 1; Rs 150; Vol. 2: Himachal Pradesh Pt. 2; Rs 150; Vol. 3: Himachal Pradesh Pt. 3; Rs 150; Vol. 4: Jammu Pt. 1; Rs 150; Vol. 5: Jammu Pt. 2; Rs 150; Vol. 6: Jammu Pt. 3; Forthcoming; Vol. 7 to 18; Forthcoming

CHANDHURI, SASHI BHUSAN
English Historical Writings of the Indian Mutiny 1857-1859—Calcutta: World Press, 1979; 375 Pp; Rs 60

CHOPRA, P N
Role of Indian Muslims in the Struggle for Freedom—New Delhi: Light & Life Pub., 1979; 296 Pp; plates; Rs 75

CHOPRA, P N
History of South India—New Delhi: S Chand, 1979; 3 vols (852 Pp); illus; Rs 300 set

COLEBROOKE, H T
Essays on History, Literature and Religions of Ancient India—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications; 2 vols (1014 Pp); Rs 210 set

DAS, A C
Rigvedic India—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 1980; 2 vols (680 Pp); Rs 180 set

DUTTA, R C
Ancient India—Delhi: Ajanta Books Int., 1980; 200 Pp; Rs 50

NEW AND RECENT BOOKS FROM INDIAN PUBLISHERS

FANSHAW, H C
Shah Jahan's Delhi—Delhi: Sumit Prakashan, 1979; 311 Pp; Rs 100

FARUQI, N A
Early Muslim Historiography: A Study of Early Transmitters of Arab History from the Rise of Islam up to the end of Umayyad Period (612-750 A.D.)—Delhi: Adabiyat-i-Delli, 1979; 366 Pp; Rs 90

FOOTE, R B
Prehistoric and Protohistoric Antiquities of India—New Delhi: Concept Publishing Co., 1979; 246 Pp; plates; Rs 100

GOSWAMI, JAYA
Cultural History of Ancient India—Delhi: Agam Kala Prakashan; 1980; 136 Pp; illus; maps; Rs 110

GUPTA, DR HARI RAM
History of the Sikhs—New Delhi: Munshiram Manoharlal, 1980; Vol. 1: The Sikh Gurus; Rs 120; Vol. 2: Evolution of Sikh Confederacies; Rs 120; Vol. 3: Sikh Domination of the Mughal Empire; Rs 120

GUPTA, DR HARI RAM
The Political History of India—New Delhi: Associated Publishing House, 1980; 2 vols; Rs 125 each

MANNING
Ancient and Medieval India—Allahabad: R S Publishing House, 1980; 2 vols (800 Pp); Rs 200 set

MARTIN, M
Eastern India: The History, Antiquities, Topography and Statistics—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications; 5 vols; Rs 95 each

MATHUR, Y B
Growth of Muslim Politics in India—Delhi: Pragati Publications, 1979; 369 Pp; Rs 80

MATHUR, Y B
Quit India Movement—Delhi: Pragati Publications, 1979; 222 Pp; Rs 60

MAZUMDAR, A K
The Hindu History—Allahabad: Chugh Publications, 1979; 915 Pp; Rs 200

MEHTA, R N
Medieval Archaeology—Delhi: Ajanta Books Int., 1979; 160 Pp; plates; maps; charts; Rs 135

MIRASHI, V V
Inscriptions of the Shilaharas—New Delhi: Archaeological Survey of India; 537 Pp; Rs 170

PADMSHA
Indian National Congress and the Muslims 1928-1947—New Delhi: Rajesh Publications, 1980; 280 Pp; Rs 80

RAMACHANDRAN, K S
Archaeology of South India: Tamil Nadu—Delhi: Sundep Prakashan, 1979-80; 158 Pp; illus; Rs 100

RAV, RATNALEKHA
Change in Bengal Agrarian Society 1760-1850—New Delhi: Manohar Publications, 1979; 339 Pp; Rs 80

SANKALIA, H D
Indian Archaeology Today—Delhi: Ajanta Books Int., 1979; 210 Pp; plates; maps; Rs 150

The above titles are available at £ Sterling prices from our U.K. distributors:

INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING COMPANY

38, Kennington Lane

LONDON SE11 4LS, U.K. Tel: 01-735-2101

UBSPD are the largest exporters of books and periodicals in India. 1980 Subjectwise Catalogues are available on request. Please send us your order.

EXPORT DIVISION:

UBSPD

UBS Publishers' Distributors Ltd.

5 Ansari Road, New Delhi-110002 (India).

Cable: ALLBOOKS • Telex: 31-3916 • Phone: 273601 (4 Lines)

Branches: NEW DELHI • BOMBAY • BANGALORE • CALCUTTA • KANPUR

SARNA, INGUVA KARTHIKEYA
Coinage of the Satavahana Empire—Delhi: Agam Kala Prakashan, 1980; 310 Pp; Rs 140

SEN, SURENDERANATH
Military System of the Marathas—Calcutta: K P Bagchi, 1979; 226 Pp; Rs 50

SEWELL, R
Forgotten Empire: Vijayanagar—New Delhi: Asian Educational Services, 1980; 432 Pp; Rs 95

SHARMA, M H R
The History of the Vijayanagar Empire—Bomhay: Popular Prakashan; 2 vols; Rs 160 set

SHARMA, PROF P L
India Betrayed: A Panorama of Indian History, Politics and Culture from Vedic Age to Modern Times—Delhi: Red-Rose Publications, 1980; 2 vols (898 Pp); Rs 350 set

SINGH, BHIM SEN
The Cripps Mission: A Handwork of British Imperialism—New Delhi: Manohar Publications, 1979; 114 Pp; Rs 40

SINHA, B P
Archaeology and Art of India—Delhi: Sundep Prakashan, 1979; 225 Pp; illus; Rs 150

SIRCAR, D C
Some Epigraphical Records of the Medieval Period from Eastern India—New Delhi: Abhinav Publications, 1979; 168 Pp; 18 plates; Rs 90

SIVARAMAMURTI, C
Sources of History Illumined by Literature—Delhi: Kanak Publications, 1979; 175 black white plates; 1 col. plate; Rs 200

SOUNDARA RAJAN, K V
Glimpses of Indian Culture—Delhi: Sundep Prakashan, 1980; 338 Pp; illus; maps; Rs 200

SRIVASTAVA, DR K L
The Position of Hindus Under the Delhi Sultanate 1206-1526—New Delhi: Munshiram Manoharlal, 1980; 288 Pp; Rs 75

SRIVASTAVA, M P
The Indian Mutiny—Allahabad: Chugh Publications, 1979; 260 Pp; Rs 65

STEIN, SIR AUREL
Innermost Asia: A Detailed Report of Explorations in Central Asia, China and Central Eastern Iran—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 1980; 3 vols/2 Vols Text (1240 Pp); 1 Vol Plates (480 Pp); Rs 1500 set

STEIN, SIR AUREL
Serinda: A detailed report of exploration in Central Asia and Western most China during 1906-08—Delhi: Motilal Banarsidass, 1980; 5 vols; Rs 2500 set

SUBRAMANIAN, K S
Buddhist Remains in South India—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 1980; 268 Pp; plates; Rs 110

SUBRAMANYA AIYER, K V
Historical Sketches of Ancient Dehkan—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 320 Pp; illus; Rs 125

TEIGNMOUTH, L
Works of Sir William Jones—Delhi: Agam Kala Prakashan; 13 Vols; plates; Rs 125 each

TEMPLE, R
Hyderabad, Kashmir, Sikkim, and Nepal: A Historical and Political Record—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications; Vol. 1 (344 Pp); Vol. 2 (314 Pp); Rs 75 each

VAIDYA, C V
History of Medieval Hindu India—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 1979; 3 Vols; (1484 Pp); Rs 350 set

WILLS, M and HEMMICK, M
Historical Sketches of the South Indian History—New Delhi: Cosmo Publications, 1980; 4 Vols (817 Pp); Rs 110 each

ZADI, M
The Encyclopedia of Indian National Congress—New Delhi: S Chand, 1978-80; Vol. I: 1885-1890; Rs 165; Vol. II: 1891-1895; Rs 165; Vol. III: 1896-1900; Rs 165; Vol. IV: 1901-1905; Rs 165; Vol. V: 1906-1910; Rs 165; Vol. VI: 1911-1915; Rs 165; Vol. VII: 1916-1920; Rs 210; Vol. VIII: 1921-1924; Rs 210; Vol. IX: 1925-1929; Rs 210

FILM AND EMPIRE

International History Film Conference
London Conference April 5 and 6
1981
Details from:
Department of Film
University of London
Cricklewood, London, N.W.2
Telephone: 01-794 8822 ext. 252

Victims of the blast

By Eric de Mauny

JAMES H. WOODWARD:
A Study of His Fiction
275pp. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, \$17.50.
0 8078 1394 X

Since we live in the century of the displaced person, it is strange that Ivan Bunin is not better known in the West, for he was of that generation of Russian émigrés who were the pattern for so many of the exiles, voluntary or involuntary, that were to follow, preferring to uproot himself from his native country rather than suffer what he saw as the degradation of Russia under the Bolshevik regime.

It is true that when he left in 1920 he made his exit quietly, with none of that blaze of notoriety that surrounded the expulsion of Solzhenitsyn more than half a century later; and, of course, he was not alone. Alexander Kuprin, Leonid Andreyev, Mikhail Artyushov, Dmitri Merezhkovsky, Alexei Remizov, Ilya Ehrenburg, Konstantin Balmont, Zinaida Hippis, Marina Tsvetayeva—this list of those who followed the same path is a long and distinguished one. Over a century of them did later return, some, like Tsvetayeva, to meet a tragic end. But Bunin, refusing all compromise, stood out pre-eminently by his single-minded dedication to his craft and by the sheer tenacity of his creative impulse.

In the early 1920s, he was briefly taken into the bosom of Bloomsbury when the Hogarth Press published his best-known novella, *The Gentleman from San Francisco*, and other stories, translated by S. S. Koteliansky. D. H. Lawrence and Leonard Woolf. Thereafter, translations of his other works appeared in London, Paris and New York at irregular intervals. In 1933, a masterly English version, by Glib Struve and Hamish Miles, of his lyrical autobiographical account of childhood and youth on a manorial estate in Central Russia, *The Well Arrogant* (the Russian original, *Zhizn Arzavenskykh*, had been published in Paris in 1917, in a small, unattractive edition). It was also in 1933 that Bunin was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, which brought him a respite from years of poverty and isolation. At the age of 83, he was complaining that he had once more relapsed into obscurity.

On the face of it, there has been a puzzling neglect of a strange, rich talent—a number of articles in learned journals of Slavonic studies, and an increasing critical interest in the Soviet Union, but until now, only one monograph in English, published in 1971, in a thoughtful and painstakingly detailed study of his prose works.

First catch your fish

By Michael Hofmann

FRANK BARON, ERNST S. DICK and WARREN R. MAUER (Editors):
Rilke: The Alchemy of Attention
268pp. Kansas: Regents Press, \$18.
0 7000 0198 8

The best claim of this collection of essays on Rilke, Marie Perle, edited by three (non-contributing) German professors at the University of Kansas, is its diversity. The contributors, largely American and Canadian, approach the man and the work from a number of different perspectives: philological, sociological, political, religious, etc. Naturally enough, an attempt is made in the foreword to justify this diversity. "The result should be a total overview that, obviously, ought not to be a simple 'overview' nor, on the other hand, should it include unassimilated fragments of the poet's work," the foreword states. "The result should be a total overview that, obviously, ought not to be a simple 'overview' nor, on the other hand, should it include unassimilated fragments of the poet's work," the foreword states. "The result should be a total overview that, obviously, ought not to be a simple 'overview' nor, on the other hand, should it include unassimilated fragments of the poet's work," the foreword states.

Desert dreams

By Henry Chadwick

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT:
The Temptation of Saint Antony
Translated with an introduction and notes by Kitty Mrosovsky
293pp. Sacker and Warburg, £10.
0 436 15599 8

The historical St Antony is not of the least importance for understanding this book. Flaubert had conscientiously read the classic ancient biography of the fourth-century hermit as portrayed as a combatant against evil of heroic stature and a model to every Christian wanting to get away from this world of temptations and sin. But the real Antony is not Flaubert's subject. This portrait of a man subjected to the chaotic confusions and pressures of experience is simply and very obviously Gustave Flaubert himself.

The *Temptation of St Antony* is in effect an unusual kind of spiritual autobiography cast in the form of a drama in which Antony is addressed by a variety of ancient gods, heresarchs, the devil (who turns out to have been one of the more educated flights of speculation), and a host of other human and divine, and a long series of theosophical bores. Antony is throughout a singularly passive creature, pushed around by each apparition in turn, but succeeding at last in withstanding the Queen of Sheba's seductive pinches. Under the thin disguise of an Egyptian hermit Flaubert lies on the couch to tell us candidly about his own dream world, some minor parts of which he succeeded in acting out in the course of his life. He takes off his shoes and socks to demonstrate to what extent his feet are made of clay. Vulnerable to anxieties and depressions, threatened by sudden attacks of epilepsy, consumed to the point of inanition by a last quite beyond any reasonable capacity for performance, he remained fascinated by religion without being a believer. Yet he was a Catholic, and his Catholic mysticism, somehow, contains clues to the cosmic meaning of things, even if the Virgin Mary is understood to be Isis or Cybele under another name.

On a visit to Genoa in 1845 Flaubert saw in the Balbi palace the picture of the Temptation of St Antony variously attributed to Pieter Brueghel the younger and Jan Mandyn. It was like a wound in his soul. The following year he acquired a copy of a seventeenth-century engraving by Callot on the same theme and hung it on his wall. He talked of it much with his friend Alfred Le Poittevin, and with his friend who died in 1848 and whose memory Flaubert dedicated to the work. The first version completed, but the huge disorganized work survives in manuscript on the shelves of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Excerpts from a second version appeared in print eight years later, but the prosecution for obscenity provoked, by Madame Bovary in 1857 did not encourage

Flaubert to let the public see more of it. Finally a revised and shortened version was issued in 1874. At the time it did remarkably little for its author's reputation. Baudelaire, Valéry, and Saint-Beuve discerned that here above all, in this catalogue of feverish hallucinations, Flaubert has shown us all his heart.

"Antony" is almost a holy fool, buffeted by erotic fears and longings—erotic being understood in the direct sense of impious physical desires such as those in consequence of which Flaubert contracted syphilis on his visit to Egypt. Scatological philosophers bemoan the poor hermit with their doubts. Bloody flagellations both provoke him and satisfy his need to be dominated.

The long procession of bellowing preachers of gnosticism or magic or lechery or satanism, Anthony dumbly endures in miserable solitude. The delicious but monstrous threat of the titillating female is never far away, and the last edition of this very deliberate but inconsequent work with a defect of adolescent immaturity.

The book is therefore in some sort a literary equivalent of a Black Mass (in dead earnest too) in which religious and carnality, usually alternately but sometimes simultaneously, hold out to the initiate hopes of a liberating ecstasy; ultimately, however, leaving poor Antony in dust and ashes, disillusion and cynicism. Torn between spirit and flesh, the old Flaubert concludes by coming to resent his spiritual nature and longing to be just matter. How much simpler that would make life, enjoying physical sensation with no more to it than that. If only.

The longing for the physical world, for the dunghill or the phallus as in the highest aspirations of the human spirit.

All in all, this is not everybody's book. But Flaubert himself judged it to be "the work of all my life." If this were the only book Flaubert had left us, perhaps only a Swinburne or an Oscar Wilde would think it worth saying that his standing in literature is not as distinctly modest one. The book is important because here a man who wrote other much better books shows the revelation of his tormented mind: lyrical, learned, satirical, passionately searching for some transcendent enduring ecstasy, but ending in the ancient and unending conclusion, Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

Kitty Mrosovsky has translated this third and last edition. Her introduction runs to fifty-six pages, taking the story on a tour de force. She left off in his mastery study of Flaubert's sources. The plates include illustrations of Flaubert's influences on art with four reproductions of the artist's work. The artist's work is not only distinct, but antagonistic to Flaubert's. Flaubert's work is not only distinct, but antagonistic to Flaubert's. Flaubert's work is not only distinct, but antagonistic to Flaubert's.

"The Shelling" C. J. Spittal, Road, Hampton Cottrell, Bristol BS17 2ND.

Graham Greene: any personal recollections or letters for the authorized biography.

Norman Sherry: Department of English Literature, University of Lancaster, Lancaster.

Sir John Hawkshaw (1811-1894), distinguished Victorian engineer, chiefly connected with railways, canals and tunnels, including the Severn Tunnel; any biographical information, especially details of

Flaubert to let the public see more of it. Finally a revised and shortened version was issued in 1874. At the time it did remarkably little for its author's reputation. Baudelaire, Valéry, and Saint-Beuve discerned that here above all, in this catalogue of feverish hallucinations, Flaubert has shown us all his heart.

"Antony" is almost a holy fool, buffeted by erotic fears and longings—erotic being understood in the direct sense of impious physical desires such as those in consequence of which Flaubert contracted syphilis on his visit to Egypt. Scatological philosophers bemoan the poor hermit with their doubts. Bloody flagellations both provoke him and satisfy his need to be dominated.

The long procession of bellowing preachers of gnosticism or magic or lechery or satanism, Anthony dumbly endures in miserable solitude. The delicious but monstrous threat of the titillating female is never far away, and the last edition of this very deliberate but inconsequent work with a defect of adolescent immaturity.

The book is therefore in some sort a literary equivalent of a Black Mass (in dead earnest too) in which religious and carnality, usually alternately but sometimes simultaneously, hold out to the initiate hopes of a liberating ecstasy; ultimately, however, leaving poor Antony in dust and ashes, disillusion and cynicism. Torn between spirit and flesh, the old Flaubert concludes by coming to resent his spiritual nature and longing to be just matter. How much simpler that would make life, enjoying physical sensation with no more to it than that. If only.

The longing for the physical world, for the dunghill or the phallus as in the highest aspirations of the human spirit.

All in all, this is not everybody's book. But Flaubert himself judged it to be "the work of all my life." If this were the only book Flaubert had left us, perhaps only a Swinburne or an Oscar Wilde would think it worth saying that his standing in literature is not as distinctly modest one. The book is important because here a man who wrote other much better books shows the revelation of his tormented mind: lyrical, learned, satirical, passionately searching for some transcendent enduring ecstasy, but ending in the ancient and unending conclusion, Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

Kitty Mrosovsky has translated this third and last edition. Her introduction runs to fifty-six pages, taking the story on a tour de force. She left off in his mastery study of Flaubert's sources. The plates include illustrations of Flaubert's influences on art with four reproductions of the artist's work. The artist's work is not only distinct, but antagonistic to Flaubert's. Flaubert's work is not only distinct, but antagonistic to Flaubert's.

"The Shelling" C. J. Spittal, Road, Hampton Cottrell, Bristol BS17 2ND.

Graham Greene: any personal recollections or letters for the authorized biography.

Norman Sherry: Department of English Literature, University of Lancaster, Lancaster.

Sir John Hawkshaw (1811-1894), distinguished Victorian engineer, chiefly connected with railways, canals and tunnels, including the Severn Tunnel; any biographical information, especially details of

The homme-plume of Croisset

By Victor Brombert

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT:
Correspondance
Tome II, juillet 1851-décembre 1858
Edited by Jean Bruneau
1,534pp. Paris: Gallimard.

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER (Editor and translator):
The Letters of Gustave Flaubert
1830-1857
250pp. Belknap Press/Harvard University Press, £7.50.
0 674 52636 8

Flaubert's letters, which so richly echo his life-long concern with the practice and theory of fiction, have done a great deal to establish him as a high priest of literary modernity. Certain extreme statements read almost like manifestos of the *nouveau roman*. Contemporary critics are exceedingly fond of quoting his pronouncements on the art of writing a book about nothing.

A hundred years after his death in 1880, we are far removed indeed from the notion of Flaubert-the-Realist. What we tend to forget is that Flaubert continued to keep his eyes steadily and studiously on what he himself called "reality." The stuffed parrot he had at his desk while at work on *Un Coeur simple* might serve as a symbol. He believed in the close observation of the physical world. He documented his materialistic care on: cluttered operations for *Madame Bovary*, death by thirst and exposure for *Salammbô*, old restaurant menus and railway timetables for *L'Education sentimentale*, provincial alms and agricultural experiments for *Bourgeois et Pêcheur*. But his anti-mimetic, anti-representational bias was quite real; it was sustained by the early conviction that life and art were not only distinct, but antagonistic to each other.

Flaubert's own brand of Romanticism is perhaps best seen in his dreams of travel and exotic escape. The dream became a reality in 1849, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

More telling still is the repeated affirmation that the function of literature is to "reproduce" and to "represent." Seeing reality well is the first business of the writer. Flaubert prides himself on his "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*. Characteristic metaphors (the eye, the mirror, the mime) betray a very traditional preoccupation with mimesis. And while it is true that he considered himself a "transitional" writer preparing the way for the literature of the future, he also viewed himself as already posthumous, taking his place among the great writers of the past whom he revered. He associated literature with death. Reading Montaigne by his sister's deathbed, he reflects that all forms are transitory, that only the "idea" remains.

Literary preoccupations are not by themselves what accounts for the high interest of these letters. If Flaubert's correspondence is among the greatest in the French language, it is because of the vividness and even the vehemence of its style, the range of mood, the variety of subjects discussed, the earnestness and the bitter comedy, the spontaneous and almost spontaneous quality of sentences whose rhythms allow a very personal voice to come through. It is also because these letters are documents of social and cultural history, rich in observations on the French bourgeoisie as well as on the cultural life of the times.

And with all this, the private person is not hidden. The letters to Louise Colet and Louis Bouilhet are amazingly candid in their erotic, affectionate, coarse, enthusiastic, despondent, idealistic, and even cruel moods. The capacity for friendship and indignation, the ability to admire and despise with equal zest, should once and for all dispel the image of Flaubert as a cold, impassive priest of imperious metaphors. "As far as I hate life, I am a Catholic. There is in my heart something of the green cozings of Norman cathedrals." Images of decay and putrefaction may have something to do with early exposure to disease and death (Flaubert's father died in 1840, when he and his friend Maxime Du Camp set out on a year-long trip through the Near East. The colourful letters from Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon indicate that Flaubert was conscious of following in the footsteps of famous Romantic writer-travellers. The exotic and the commonplace thus merged. Revealingly, Flaubert's travels, real and imaginary, are not so much in space as in

time; they are a form of the historical imagination. It was the past that he was out to recapture or to reach. "I carry the love of antiquity in my entrails," he writes to his friend Alfred Le Poittevin. But this "anypic" vision which allows him to see every last detail. He boasts of his ability to make his fellow Normans look with anger because of the lifelike local colour in *Madame Bovary*.

